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In the Gulf Stream, May 28, 1840.
Lat. 39, 30, long. 69.

My dear Wife:

Six days at sea, and yet not more than one day's sail from New-York! We left that city on the 22d inst. at noon, and were towed down to Sandy Hook by a little pigmy of a steam-boat, with the formidable name of *Samson*, which gallantly grappled with our huge packet-ship, and carried her through the water as though she were scarcely an incumbrance. The dismal northeasterly storm, which had detained us so long in port, had almost wholly passed away, and the wind (though light) appeared to be in the right quarter. The pilot left us at about 3 o'clock, at which time I began to feel quite seasick, and vomited quite freely. It was with the utmost difficulty I was able to write a very brief epistle to bro. Johnson, which I gave to a colored young man to put into the New-York Post Office, and which I hope was not forgotten or mislaid, as it was intended for publication in the Liberator. Day after day, we have been baffling about from north to south, and from south to north, making scarcely any headway direct—now aiming for Charleston, S. C. and now for Halifax, N. S. till at last we find ourselves in the Gulf Stream, almost entirely becalmed. We have had, however, this consolation, (not a selfish one, I trust,) that we have overtaken and distanced several vessels, and have had none to go ahead of us. The weather, moreover, has been uniformly clear, mild, delightful, with scarcely a cloud to be seen in the horizon, the sun looking down upon us with a smile of complacency, the shoreless birds following in our wake on tireless wing, the waves heaving softly and harmoniously together, and occasionally a swarm of fish trooping gaily around us. Still, here we are, and with very little prospect that we shall be in London in accordance with our hopes and expectations at the time of our departure. It is all right, and I feel nothing of impatience or disquietude in my mind at our situation and prospects; because I know that the Almighty can never do aught amiss, and that he is disposed and has the ability to govern winds, waves and ocean in the best possible manner. All my fears, anxieties, cares, I have thrown upon him; and, let what may happen, I feel within me a spirit which says, "Not my will, but thine be done, O God"—a spirit of cordial, hearty acquiescence, not of forced submission.

As for our ship, she is five years old, about 650 tons burthen, strongly made, rides upon the billows gracefully, and is considered a good "sea-boat." She has three cabins, one for the ladies, and one for gentlemen, below, and one for the latter on deck. These are handsomely fitted up with maple and rose-wood, but do not present so showy an appearance as those of some of the other packet-ships. The captain and mate claim for her the credit of being a fast sailer; but, as yet, we have not had a fair opportunity to test her speed. Capt. Cropper is a Virginian, of Herculean stature, free and easy in his manners, and not at all disposed to display his authority, or to act the part of a despotic commander. The first mate is a coarse, blunt man, [illegible] of good sense and considerable information, and hails, I presume, from old England.

Our passengers constitute rather a motley assemblage. In the steerage, there are between forty and fifty, mostly Irish and Scotch. In the cabins, we have about thirty, — American, German, Scotch, Irish, English, &c. Of Americans, there are not more than two or three, beside Grosvenor, Rogers, and myself. There are some half a dozen women, but none of them appear to be of cultivated minds — one of them has two small children with her. The men (with the exception of us three, and one other person,) are a prayerless, godless, drinking, card-playing, low-minded set, boisterous in their merriment, coarse in their manners, and disposed to make light of every thing serious and sacred. To attempt to reason with them is like casting pearls to swine. We have had some serious conversations with them on various topics, and not altogether in vain; but they are awfully estranged from God, and from the spirit of his dear Son. They treat us, however, quite respectfully, and feel themselves restrained in our presence, to some extent. The thought of being associated with them for three or four weeks longer, is by no means agreeable. If such were to be my companions throughout eternity, how miserable should I be, especially if there were any affinity between my spirit and theirs! I hope we shall do them some good; and, if so, I shall not regret that we have fallen into their company. O, how large a portion of mankind live like beasts, "without God and without hope in the world," enemies to each other, caring for nothing but the gratification of their lusts and appetites, and dead in trespasses and sins!

A word as to our fare. We take breakfast at 8 o'clock — lunch at 12 — dinner at 4 — and supper at 8. Our table is daily made to groan with dishes of various food — roast beef, mutton, lamb, turkey, chickens, &c. &c. by way of meats — pies, custards, tarts, and puddings of all kinds — apples, oranges, figs, raisons, almonds, &c. Nearly all the passengers indulge pretty freely in drinking brandy, wine, porter, &c. They banter us occasionally for our cold water habits, and we rebuke them quite as often for their tippling.

As for our health — dear Rogers came on board in a very feeble condition, and with a bad cough; and, until yesterday, has been very poorly indeed. He has been, in fact, a sufferer, but his cough is now gone, and yesterday and to-day he has seemed much better. I have been almost all the time very qualmish, and for the first three days could relish no kind of food. I have now fairly passed the Rubicon, and can eat my three meals a day without having any unpleasant sensation in my stomach. But, O, as for sleep, as yet I have scar known what it is. My bed is almost as hard as a plank, an toss and turn in vain to get repose. The moment I lie down, my mind turns instinctively homeward, and there it hovers until dawn of day. I have written a little poetical effusion to describe my feelings — the first verse of which I here append:

"As to her nest some wandering bird
  Returns to cheer her helpless brood,
Her breast by anxious care disturbed,
  And throbbing with solicitude;
So, tossed upon the restless deep,
  My spirit, doomed afar to roam,
Flies swiftly, robbed of rest and sleep,
  To that all-hallowed spot — sweet home."

Yes, dear Helen, in thought, fancy, spirit, I am with you at all hours, and the dear children whom God has given us.

On Monday, we spoke the packet-ship St. Patrick, 28 days from Liverpool for New-York, with an immense number of cabin and steerage passengers. She sent her boat alongside, and gave us some English newspapers. I tried to write a hasty letter to you, and did so, but lost my chance by a single minute, as the boat went off in a very few moments. Perhaps I shall be able to send this by some chance conveyance. If not, I shall forward it to you from Liverpool, with another announcing our arrival. You must not neglect writing to me, and giving me such details of family affairs and domestic events as you may judge will be interesting to me. Your letters shall be destroyed as soon as read, if that assurance will induce you to write more frequently. After your confinement, let me have a letter from some one of the household without delay. In that hour of trial, may you have all needed fortitude, and be safely delivered.

Mrs. Wm. Lloyd Garrison,
25, Cornhill,
Boston, Mass.
[No. 1.]

JUL 18

I think a great deal of my dear children, and long to hear their pleasant voices — more vocal to my spirit than the melody of birds. But I must leave you all in the hands of Him who is infinitely wise and good, trusting that we shall all meet around the family board again, before the month of September shall have entirely passed away. Distribute my affectionate remembrances among all at home, and all inquiring friends, and never for a moment doubt the fidelity and affection of

Your faithful and loving husband,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.